

The Evening World

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 12.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH.....\$3.00

PER YEAR.....\$36.00

Vol. 52.....No. 11,071

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE: 1267 BROADWAY—between 51st and 52nd sts., New York.

WORLD DOWNTOWN OFFICE: 100 EAST 12TH ST. ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT: 100 EAST 12TH ST. ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT: 100 EAST 12TH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: LEONARD BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON: 610 14TH ST. LONDON OFFICE: 4 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

MINISTERS SEE THE GOOD.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas-Tree Fund is one of those enterprises which bear their own commendation in the good work they do. Yet, to the originators of the project, the commendation expressed by city clergymen of various denominations, as printed yesterday, is particularly gratifying.

And it must be almost equally pleasing to those of THE EVENING WORLD constituency who share with it the responsibility of raising the Fund to a condition of efficiency and completeness.

The ministers recognize the fact stated in this column in recent remarks on the Christmas-Tree enterprise, that the work done with the Fund is directly in the line of applied religion.

"We cannot do too much to brighten the lives of those who have so little," said one minister. "You afford an opportunity for the whole public, down to the least, to vent their Christmas spirit," said another, incidentally to his praise of the good work. "Any movement that will stimulate a feeling of human friendship is of inestimable benefit," said a third.

And so on. Something kind from all. If the public needed more stimulus to its spirit of generosity in this cause than exists in the mere thought of the good to be done they should find it in the words of these preachers.

THE DYNAMITER'S IDENTIFICATION.

Through the weak clues afforded by an ordinary trousers-button and a few shreds of cloth, THE WORLD has succeeded in tracing the identity of the man who threw the dynamite bomb in RUSSELL SAGG'S office. It was a clever achievement. The feat accomplished was one which had baffled the trained detectives of the best police force on the earth.

Yet it was only through the persistent application of common sense methods that the desired result was obtained. In this and in other cases in which THE WORLD has successfully exerted itself for the straightening out of much-tangled skeins it has been demonstrated that a great newspaper office is one of the best places on earth for developing the powers of analysis and inquiry necessary to such tasks.

And this is undoubtedly due to the great variety of work thrust upon real newspaper men and the imperative necessity of their being promptly ready to face any emergency or circumstance. They do not proceed by fixed, official routine. They go by an intelligent adaptation of means, methods and theories to meet whatever peculiarities there may be to the case in hand.

Street is out with another challenge. He will fast thirty days, swim two or three times each day, and at the end, if pressed by competition, will take, in the presence of doctors, poison enough to kill forty men. All to demonstrate his psychological powers. If he will kindly reverse his programme and begin with the poison he may prevent some idiotic imitator from a fatal following of his mad example.

A Berwick (Pa.) preacher who awoke in the night and found his false teeth missing, immediately began to choke to death. Just as he was bidding an agonized farewell to his missing front teeth, he was found in a bureau drawer. Finding he hadn't swallowed the plate, he swallowed his fears and returned to sweet slumber. Should this preacher dream of a dog's bite he will be hydrophobia's victim.

A Brooklyn man who won at pinocle last night by melting 300 at a critical point in the game, laughed so hard as to dislocate his jaw. This teaches us not to be too exuberantly joyful in the moment when Fortune smiles. What shall it profit a man if he be world's champion at pinocle and spoil his jawbone with too much dislocation?

Senator Patten should be made to understand once for all that his renewal of the resolution to move Gen. Grant's remains from New York is an act senseless in itself and deeply painful to the family of the dead hero. The Senator exposes himself to the suspicion that he is the victim of an acute monomania.

Here it is again. Kentucky lovers, forty-two years ago parental opposition, grief and separation. Time passes. He grows rich, she fifty-eight and a dreamer. He happens into Liberty. She sees him. Enters door. "Isabel! Both loyal. They explain. They wed. All's well. Ha, ha!"

A Passaic woman, whose next-door neighbor bothers her with a fiendish "Ha, ha, ha!" exclamation in the front yard, at regular intervals, has complained to the Police Court. Manifestly wrong. She should respond invariably with a ghouliah "Ho, ho, ho!"

The Church and State discussion en-

liven the French Chamber wonderfully. Already the lie is passed between Cassagnac and Floquet, and there is talk of a duel. Realizing, however, that it is to be only a French duel, the world will not pause to shudder.

It is said that ex-Speaker Reed beat all the other Congressmen in the race for the door yesterday, when that steam pipe exploded at the Capitol. It would be interesting to know if he would have stopped to count a quorum had the blow-up come in the Fifty-first Congress.

Aspirants for the Republican nomination will pass their sleepless nights just before the Minneapolis Convention. Delegates will get there when they come to the Twin City and find they were left out in the scramble for the limited number of rooms.

Flatbush insane asylum has leaked again. This time the escapee is a man who was able to bend the iron bars of his window by mere physical strength. He was a good subject for a much greater precaution as to his keeping.

Ex-Speaker Reed confirms the report that he yearns to exchange politics and noise at Washington for a quietly busy law practice in New York. Lots of room and welcome here.

The Chinese Government, in its hour of victory, seems to thoroughly appreciate the fact that rebels who lose their own heads will never head another rebellion.

McGlowry must go. So the police have resolved, wisely and well.

THE CLEANER.

William H. Vanderbilt, the eldest son of Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, who is now a Junior at Yale, is a handsome, robust-looking young fellow, and is the leader of the swiftest in his class at college. He is a wealthy and his class at college. He is a wealthy and his class at college.

There is no question that Dr. Hainsford, the pastor of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square, is the most popular clergyman in town with the ladies. More than three-quarters of the attendants at his church are of the gentler sex, and after services on Sunday they flock around him in church and gathering in the street in front of the parsonage just to get a glimpse of him out of the pulpit. It is always a matter of excitement when he makes his appearance. "Isn't he just splendid," exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer in the hearing of the reporter the other day. "I declare he's the only man in New York worth looking at!"

Under the genial supervision of Dr. Linhart, the new gymnasium instructor at the Varian Athletic Club, the evening class in physical training has been exceeding popular even with the gray-haired and bald-headed element of the Club. Such enthusiasm for athletics has never before been manifested in the Club since it got into its new quarters. It is an inspiring sight to watch a contingent of the veteran club members "doing stunts" under Dr. Linhart's guidance, and they always draw a crowd of admiring spectators to the gymnasium.

This week's issue of Harper's Weekly has not an artistic chuckle of amusement rippling over the artistic portion of the community. The number contains a caricature of this year's exhibition of the National Academy of Design, drawn by Bert Wilder, which is irrepressibly true. The exaggeration is not too broad, but is unquestionably there. A dozen of the Academy's paintings are treated by a dozen of the artist's wit and witless brush, but the way the artist sees London's big painting of cowboys is the funniest of the lot. He calls the caricature "Playing Snap-the-Whip on the Plains," and the way he has tangled horse legs and men's arms could not be equaled by Remington himself.

Four women out of five, I believe, who have seen the performance of "Miss Helyett," are ready to swear that Mrs. Leslie-Carter wears a wig. Such is not, however, the case. Mrs. Carter's hair grows and grows to such length and in such abundance that when she is asked if it is really hers, she says "Yes, it is mine. When I was a girl my hair was as long as an ocean steamship's cable."

"Chauncey M. Depew's souvenir spoons" made an interesting display in the show-window of a downtown jeweler. There are two sets, one of silver and one of gold, each containing a hundred spoons. Each spoon is inscribed with a line of poetry in low relief upon its handle the dignified and genial countenance of the doctor, while the inscription "Our Chauncey" appears below. These articles are made by a jeweler who, in a letter to the publisher of the paper, writes in a letter to the publisher of the paper, "As a Peckish Jeweler, I give you the exclusive right to use my portrait on such souvenir spoons." Some of the doctor's friends are wondering when he went into the jewelry business at Peckish or any other place.

Loud Denunciations.

[From the Minneapolis Journal.]

An Indianapolis paper says that Mrs. Lease's recent lecture in that town, "When denouncing pretty much everything he wrote, Kalmanson and Kingston came in a voice like a national man in a storm."

Appropos of Whom?

[From the Chicago Times.]

It isn't the man who is at the top who always has the most sense. Remember that a balloon is sure to rise, but is nothing but a bag of gas, after all.

Three Three Cent Boys.

[From the Green Bay Times.]

Henry M. Stanley is educating three negro boys about twelve years old, which he rescued from slavery by paying three cents apiece for them.

Severe Pain After Meals.

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely relieved much of my gastric trouble. I frequently have opportunity to praise it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I am glad to say, for I consider it a great medicine. C. J. Townsend, Wholesale Druggist, for Schlotterbeck & Fox, Portland, Me.

The Church and State discussion en-

SKETCHES BY

M. QUAD.

The Girl with the Crayon.

A girl about eighteen years of age entered a Third Avenue Elevated car at the bridge the other day having a crayon portrait on a stretcher in her hand. She took a seat beside a middle-aged man who had a sleepy look in his eyes, but who roused up just as the train got away and said:

"Sense me, but is that a crayon you have there?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a timid way.

"Thought so. Some of your own work?"

"No, sir."

"Thought so. 'Sense me. Somebody else's work, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it crayon portrait of your dear father?"

"No, sir. It is a portrait of a bit."

The girl looked up and down the car for another seat and made no reply.

"Or it may be crayon portrait of your dear mother," he suggested.

The girl got up and went to the other end of the car, and the man looked after her in a stupid way and then said to the passenger next to him:

"Sense me, but I didn't mean anything. I never see crayon portrait without being deeply affected. I had a muzzer once."

"Quite likely," coldly replied the other.

"I was going to present her with crayon portrait of myself for Christmas, but she—she died! Poor muzzer!"

Tears filled his eyes and run over his cheeks, and as he failed to find his handkerchief he wiped them off with a dog-skin glove.

"She'd have died when you presented her the portrait, anyhow?" heartlessly observed the passenger.

"Sense me, is your muzzer dead?" asked the other.

"No."

"Then you can't realize how I feel. I was born with a tender heart. No home is home without a muzzer. I was going to present her with portrait next day, but she died. Was I to blame?"

"Perhaps not."

"Can't she live now? I was to blame, but it always makes me shud to think of it. 'Sense me, will you?"

The guard looked in to call out "Ninth street," and, seeing the condition of the man, he took him by the arm and led him out on the platform. The deeply-affected man got one arm around a post and used the other hand to wipe away more tears, and he called to the other man through the window:

"Sense me, but you'd better see that girl and speak to her. She may kill her muzzer just as I killed mine."

"Go on down with your jag!" exclaimed the guard as he slammed the gates.

"Jag! Jag! Have I got jag? Where's the jag? See that girl after it's too late! I had crayon portrait all ready for Christmas, and she died—my dear old muzzer fell right off her chair and died! 'Sense me, but I was born tender!"

The ticket-chopper had him by the back of the neck and was heading him for the stairs as the train moved off.

M. QUAD.

WORLDLINGS.

Ex-Senator Jones, of Florida, continues to nurse the delusion that resulted in his insanity. Physically he is in better condition than he has been for years, and an ordinary matter his judgment is sound.

A Chicago company that makes a specialty of supplying canisters for ministers says that it has the names of 1,000 clergymen to whom those manufactured pulpit discourses are regularly sent.

It is said that the first regular theatrical company to perform in the United States came from England in 1752 and landed at York, in Virginia. Its first public appearance was at Williamsburg, Va.

In Queensland, Australia, a sound horse can be bought for 25, and in some parts of New South Wales he is so overvalued that he is worth 500 of the local money.

A Taste of Practical Nihilism.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Russell Sage may not be a Czar, but he knows what it is to feel like one.

Just the Difference.

[From the Liverpool Independent.]

Things for which English noblemen delight to be known, American gentlemen would scorn to be charged with, namely, brutality to their wives.

Hornby's Oats.

If you can't get it from your grocer let us know—

Fast Eating.

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking of stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, head this.

Severe Pain After Meals.

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely relieved much of my gastric trouble. I frequently have opportunity to praise it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I am glad to say, for I consider it a great medicine. C. J. Townsend, Wholesale Druggist, for Schlotterbeck & Fox, Portland, Me.

The Church and State discussion en-

THE TREE PARTIES.

Every Dime You Send Invites a Poor Child to Attend.

Only a Few Days Left, So Hurry Your Contribution.

Nell Nelson Makes Another Appeal for the Little Ones.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. Y. World, Fultzer Building.

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager, Evening World's Christmas Tree, 74 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

The American United States, National and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge.

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